

## Bedtime Story for the Little Ones

UNCLE WIGGLY AND WORKLESS MONDAY.

By HOWARD R. GARDNER

"UNCLE WIGGLY, would you mind turning the wringer for me?" asked Nurse Jane. Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady housekeeper of the rabbit gentleman, as she came to the door of the breakfast room in the hollow stump bungalow one morning, when Mr. Longfellow was eating the last of some cabbage soup sprinkled with lollypop sauce.

"Turning the wringer?" asked the bunny in some surprise. "What is going on, Nurse Jane?"

"The washing is going on, Uncle Wiggly," answered the muskrat lady. "This is Monday and wash day, and I wouldn't ask you to turn the wringer, only I have some heavy bedspreads and—"

"Right gladly would I turn the wringer for you on any day but this," spoke Uncle Wiggly quickly. "But the truth of the matter is, Nurse Jane, that the wringer must not be turned today."

"Then how can I wash and wring out the clothes?" Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy wanted to know.

"You can't!" laughed Uncle Wiggly. "You mustn't work today, nor must I. You mustn't wash clothes and I mustn't turn the wringer."

"Why not, for the love of old soap, if I must say it?" asked Nurse Jane. "Why can't I wash?"

"Because," answered Uncle Wiggly, twinkling his pink nose like a safety pin on a bedspread, "because this is a workless Monday. You see, there isn't much coal left in Woodland, and so Mr. Whitehead, the polar bear gentleman, who is a sort of mayor here, says we mustn't work on any Monday for a while. We must just take a sort of vacation, and burn only coal enough to keep warm."

"So let the washing go until Tuesday, Nurse Jane, and I'll help you then. I'm not going out in my auto today, nor in my airplane, and I'm not even going to look for an adventure, for that might be a sort of work, and somebody might have to work coal when they didn't need to. So, as it is

a workless Monday, we'll make a holiday of it, Janie, my dear, and go for a walk up around the Orange mountains, where the lemon trees will soon have ripe pineapples on, I hope."

"Well, if you say so, maybe it's all right," said Nurse Jane. "So let it be a washless, workless Monday, and I'll come for a walk with you."

Uncle Wiggly put on his tall silk hat and took his red, white and blue striped rheumatism crutch down off the mantelpiece, and then he and Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy started off, the muskrat lady tying her long tail in a double bow knot so it wouldn't be stepped on.

Together they went, over the fields and through the woods, and on all sides they saw their animal friends walking about doing nothing. For it was workless Monday for them as well.

"Nobody works today," said Uncle Wiggly. "Soon we will have saved enough coal so we can start in again, but until then—"

And then, all of a sudden, out from behind a stump jumped a bad old Skeelsk.

"Ah, he!" cried the Skeelsk. "I am in luck today! I have not only caught you, Uncle Wiggly, but I have caught Nurse Jane as well, and he grabbed them both in his claws."

"Say, now! Look here!" cried Uncle Wiggly, objectionable like. "This won't do at all. What are you going to do to us, you—Skeelsk?"

"I am going to bite nose off both your ears," said the bad chap.

"Oh, please don't!" begged Nurse Jane.

"Yes, I shall!" snapped the Skeelsk. "Kindly refrain from such a thing!" suggested Uncle Wiggly.

"Nurse Jane, I'll do as I please!" said the impudent Skeelsk. "I'll bite all the nose off your ears that I like and then—"

"Hold on!" One moment, if you please!" quickly said brave Uncle Wiggly, as he thought of something. "Let me try to reason with you. Biting some one's nose off, isn't it?"

"It certainly is work," said the Skeelsk. "Though I like it, I had hard enough work catching you, anyhow."

"Then," said the bunny uncle, "you can't bite any nose off my ears, nor off Nurse Jane, either. You can't do it!"

"Why not?" asked the Skeelsk.

"Because," firmly said Uncle Wiggly, "this is workless Monday, and if you work, and bite any nose, I'll tell Mr. Whitehead, the polar bear, about you, and you'll never get any more coal and—"

"Oh, excuse me! Excuse me!" cried the Skeelsk. "I forgot all about it being a workless Monday. True enough, I can't bite any nose off any today. Please wait here until it's Tuesday!"

But did Uncle Wiggly and Nurse Jane wait? Should they not? They went to the moving pictures, and the Skeelsk didn't get any nose at all, which served him right for trying to work on a workless Monday.

And if the kitchen sink doesn't run out to roller skate on the sidewalk, and let the water drip all over the new broom, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggly and the hooting owl—Copyright, 1911, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

**HOROSCOPE**  
Tuesday, March 12, 1917.

THE Sun rules strongly for good during the morning hours of this day, and later, Venus and Mercury are in benefic aspect.

The new moon falls in the sixth house in conjunction with Mercury, but in opposition to Mars in the 12th. The figure is not favorable and is read to preface heavy expenditure at home and abroad and increase of lawlessness, riots, strikes and labor troubles.

Cold, inclement weather until late in the spring seems to be indicated, so farmers will suffer losses.

The lunarians, with Mercury in the sixth opposed to Mars, are believed to denote disasters to battleships, fleets of naval officers, and sickness among sailors.

Saturn and Neptune are in places interpreted as foreshadowing scandals in high places both in the United States and abroad.

Immorality that in some way results in extreme cruelty toward children is prognosticated.

Resignations of ministers and others who have heavy responsibilities in the war are presaged by the stars.

The bright side of this gloomy forecast is the need for indication that the realities of war bring the people of the United States into closer union and cooperation.

Hospitals come much into public interest this month and later will be subjected to criticism. There will be a dearth of nurses, it is predicted, and great need of recruits in this branch of service.

While disasters at sea have been forecast, shipping will be in much better shape than it has been. Many problems of transportation will approach solution.

Persons whose birthdate it is have a very busy and successful year.

Children born on this day will be gifted and ambitious, but they may be inclined to be self-centered and argumentative.—Copyright, 1911, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

LONGFELLOW, TEX.,  
TANLAC WORKS AS  
WELL AS A VONWrites Tanlac company  
that he gained at rate of  
five pounds a week.

One of the strongest evidences of the rapidly growing popularity of Tanlac and of the wonderful results it is accomplishing in the large number of letters that are being received daily from well known men and women throughout the world.

Scarcely a day passes that scores of letters are not received in grateful tones of praise and commendation. Among the number recently received is the following letter from William Longfellow of Longview, Tex., which is published word for word, just as it was written.

"On November 25, I bought one bottle of Tanlac and commenced taking same according to directions. I weighed only one hundred and thirty pounds. In ten days I gained seven pounds and gained at the rate of five pounds a week and weigh one hundred and fifty-seven pounds at the present time. Tanlac beats any medicine that I have ever taken to build up a run-down system. I would not take \$100 for what it has done for me. It is the best medicine that I have ever taken for catarrh of the head and I have tried several different kinds of catarrh medicines. My catarrh is nearly gone, also my stomach trouble of which I have been suffering for more than twenty years has almost disappeared, and I give all praise to your great medicine. When I commenced taking Tanlac I could not do a day's work but now I believe I can do as much hard work as any man."

Very truly,  
William Longfellow,  
Longview, Texas.

Tanlac is sold in El Paso by Kelly & Pollard Co., Inc., and People's Drug Store, under the special directions of a special Tanlac representative.—Ad.

**DRINK HABIT**  
Orin has been uniformly successful in restoring victims of the "Drink Habit" into sober and useful citizens. If a trial is not sufficient, your money will be refunded. It is a simple home treatment. No sanitarium expense. No loss of time.

Orin No. 3, secret treatment; No. 2, voluntary treatment. Costs only \$1.00 a box. Ask for booklet, Kelly & Pollard, Sheldon Hotel.—Ad.

**For Acid Stomach, Indigestion, Gas or Food Souring—Pape's Diapepsin**

Instant Relief! Neutralizes excessive stomach acids, stopping dyspepsia, heartburn, belching, pain.

Do some foods you eat hit back—taste good, but work badly, ferment into acids and cause a sick, sour, gassy stomach? Now, Mr. or Mrs. Diapepsin, get this down: Pape's Diapepsin helps neutralize the excessive acids in the stomach so your food won't sour and upset you. There never was anything so safe, quick, so certainly effective. No difference how badly your stomach is upset you usually get happy relief in five minutes, but what places you want is that it helps to regulate your stomach so you can eat your favorite foods without fear.

Most remedies give you relief sometimes—they are slow, but not sure. "Pape's Diapepsin" is positive in neutralizing the acidity, so the misery won't come back very quickly. You feel different as soon as Pape's Diapepsin comes in contact with the stomach distress just vanishes—your stomach gets sweet, no gases, no belching, no eructations or undigested food, your head clears and you feel fine.

Now, make the best investment ever made, by getting a large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin from any drug store. You realize in five minutes how needless it is to suffer from indigestion, dyspepsia, or any stomach disorder due to acid fermentation.—Ad.

**Carter's Little Liver Pills**  
Make you feel the joy of living. It is impossible to be happy or feel good when you are constipated.

This old remedy will set you right over night.

**PALID PEOPLE** Usually Need Iron in the Blood. Try CARTER'S IRON PILLS

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price, But Great in Every Other Way

Combine these signatures

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## TRAVELETTE

By NIKSAH

OF all the glamorous old trading posts of the Hudson's Bay company, there is none with more about it than Fort Smith, perched above the Rapids of the Drowned, on the Slave river. The Slave river flows here from Lake Athabasca to Great Slave lake, and halfway on its journey, just where the 60th parallel of north latitude divides the province of Alberta from the Northwest territory, it passes Fort Smith.

The fort is set high above the troubled waters, several hundred feet up the steep, rocky bank. A fine spot for defence it was, in the early days, but now, that attacks are over, it is an inconvenient location. In spite of its picturesque qualities. All day long you can see those who are in the biblical phrase "drawers of water" toiling up the steep path with yoked buckets over their shoulders—Indian women and children, servants of the company, carrying every drop that is drunk, and whatever may be used for other purposes. It is not discredit to wash only a little water. One must needs have scant consideration for the value of human labor to do otherwise.

All about the trading post are scattered the tepees of the Indians, wanderers of the great woods on their annual trading expedition. They bring with them the breath of the wild woods country; its struggle has shaped their tight-lipped mouths, its loneliness has made their steady black eyes inscrutable; its mystery has made their laugh a low, quick, bitten thing, like a laugh snatched in the shadow of terror. All these things the white woodmen show even more strongly, with the quicker impressionability of finer folk. The northern wood runner is a man apart, almost a separate species of the human animal, shaped by the relentless pressure of an irresistible environment.

And old Fort Smith watches it all, growing only a little grayer, a little more kindly and understanding with the passing seasons. Each year is the same: the silent snow, the ice locked river, the breaking cold of winter, then the cracking of the ice, the jam that goes out thundering in the spring torrent, the trumpet call of north-bound geese. The land bourgeoisie forth in a brief summer, with violets and roses and strawberries green on the southern slopes, with days that are light from noon to noon, with wonderful, endless evenings under the trees, that the level rays of the low sun flood with a bath of gold. Then the quick autumn, and again the snow and endless round. Only the new go forth and return not; the group of woodsmen lounging on the grass is always the same, but always there are new faces among them, old faces lacking forever.

**AND HE DID**  
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## Beauty Chats

By Edna Kent Forbes

**DOMINGO.**  
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## Piquant Beauty.

and then, too, it's as easy to read good books, as it is to pore over silly ones.

Bertha—Try washing the legs daily.

Not a pretty face—but an exceedingly piquant one.

With very warm water and castile soap and using a flesh brush to scrub them. Then massage them with the hands for a few minutes. I think each pore, where a hair grows, is clogged; the friction of brush and massage will gradually loosen this and make the skin smooth again.

**Tired, Draggy Worn-Out**

**Fill Out With Pencil**

**Put An End To Catarrh Troubles**

**OPHELIA**

**Try Kondon's to clear your head**

**Kondon's Catarrhal Jelly**

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**Kondon's Catarrhal Jelly**

From The Herald of This Date, 1904.

**OTH** the Russian and Japanese have lost vessels this morning in a sea fight off Port Arthur. The Russians are retreating from the Yalu river, according to reports just received.

The Republicans are in strict harmony. Ward primaries were held in strict accordance with law, to elect delegates and endorse J. A. Smith for Chicago convention. The primaries will be held tomorrow.

The advertisers of El Paso take a common sense view of newspaper advertising and will make a canvas to determine what they pay for. They will examine into the number of returns there are received from the advertising.

L. W. Miller and a party left here this morning for Guaymas, Sonora, Mex., for the purpose of running a preliminary survey for the railroad south of that point.

Several good strikes have been made at Jarilla, and A. W. Clifford says recent developments indicate well for that district.

Frank W. Hoyt, of Madison, Wis., president of the National Bank of Wisconsin, came from Mexico today and is being escorted about town by J. A. Smith.

Predicates for irrigation look bad here now. A prolonged dry spell in this district with practically no snow fall makes the prospects for irrigation bad.

A request has been made by many prominent citizens that the International Water company be given permission to give the mesa water a test. It is believed that water may be had in sufficient quantities to supply the city.

The local postmaster is investigating the disappearance of letters. Letters which are said to have contained nothing of value are alleged to have disappeared.